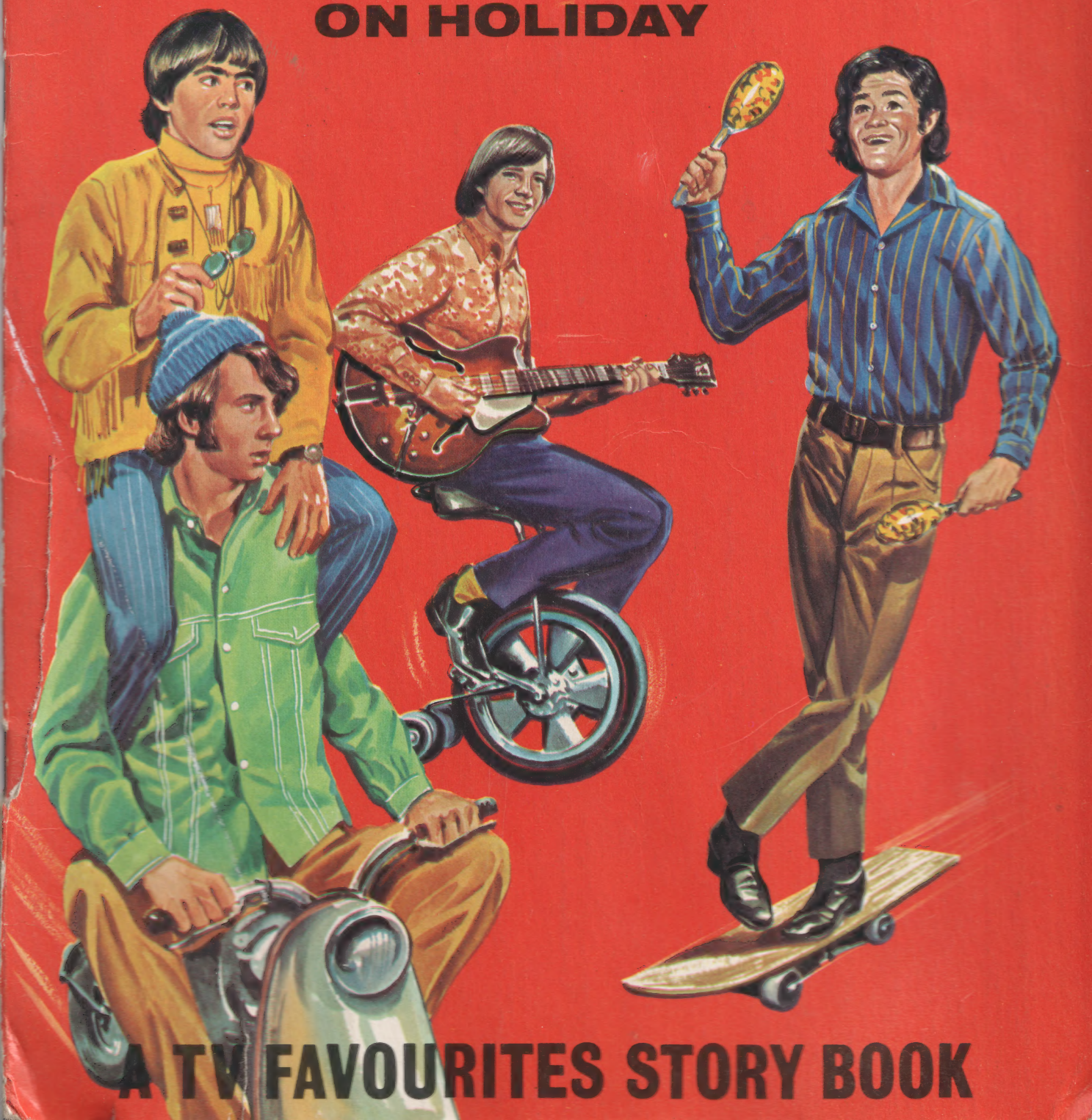
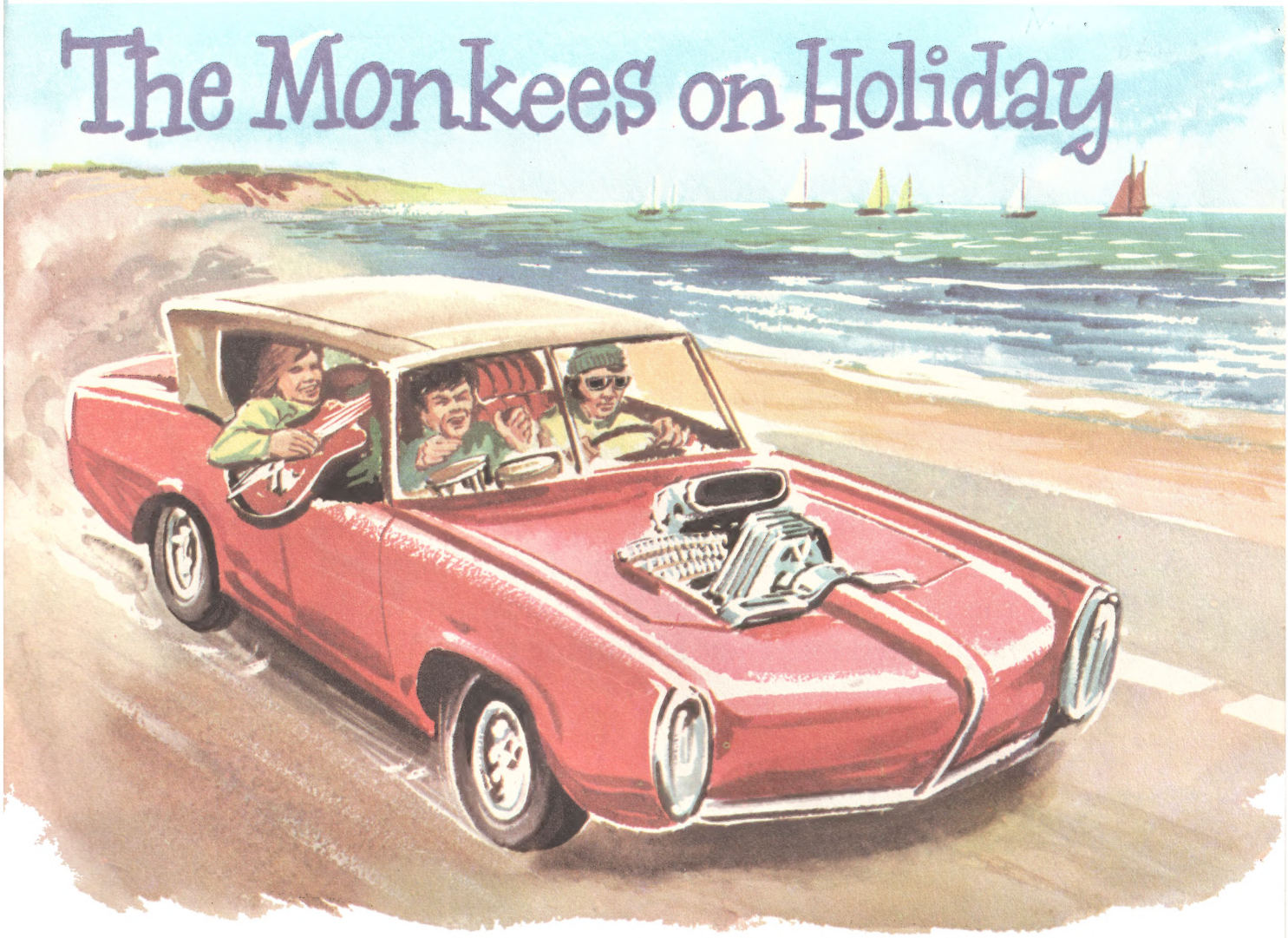
The MONKEES

ON HOLIDAY



A TV FAVOURITES STORY BOOK

The Monkees on Holiday



THE red Monkeemobile was roaring along the road by the sea. Inside were the four Monkees: Davy, Peter, Micky and Mike. They were all singing loudly and slightly out of tune. Mike beeped the horn in time to the music as they sang:

"Hey, hey, we're the Monkees,
And we're going away,
We're gonna do lots of swimming and sailing
'Cos we're on our holiday."

Peter played his guitar and Micky banged his fingers on a suitcase in time to the music.

" Just think of it, fellas," said Davy dreamily. " For two weeks we'll just be relaxing, lots of sunbathing, swimming, surfing and fishing."

" Oh boy, are we going to have a good time!" Mike yelled happily.

Soon they had reached the little seaside town where they were to spend their holiday. They booked in at their little hotel and were soon busy unpacking their clothes.

" Say, fellas," said Mike, " let's go down to the beach now, it's only just after lunchtime."

So, grabbing towels and swimming kit as they left, they got back in the Monkeemobile and drove down to the beach. Soon they were changed into their swimming trunks and lying on the sand.

" Oh man, this is heaven!" sighed Peter as he basked in the sunshine. But his peace wasn't going to last too long. Micky saw to that by tipping a bucket of sea water over him.

" Ooooh," gasped Peter, " what did you do that for?"

" Your hair's stopped growing, I just thought it might need watering," said Micky, and then ran off towards the sea with Peter in hot pursuit.

Mike and Davy watched and laughed as they saw Peter catch Micky and duck him under the waves.

" Hmph," grunted a voice behind them, " look at the way those two long-haired baboons are fooling about." Davy turned round and saw that the voice belonged to a rather bad-tempered-looking bald man. He was smoking a cigar and his moustache twitched as he spoke.

" They're not baboons," said Davy, " they're Monkees."

The man looked at Davy and Mike as if they were mad and walked off muttering to himself about teenagers, leaving the two Monkees laughing to one another.
" Oh I could just lie here all day," sighed Davy. " It's so nice I just don't feel like doing anything at all."
" Me too," said Mike, and seeing Peter and Micky walking up the beach together, both of them soaking wet, he yelled down to them. " Great, isn't it?"
" Sure is," said Micky, his long hair plastered all over his face by the sea water. Mike watched them come closer, looking at Micky's and Peter's hair. " Come to think of it," said Mike, " maybe that fella was right."
" What fella is this, Mike?" asked Peter.
Mike told him the whole story.
" Ah, he was just jealous because he's going bald," said Micky with a shrug. " Anyway, let's go for a sail."
"But none of us know how to sail a yacht, Micky," said Peter.
" Well we'll soon learn," said Micky, " come on, you guys."
They walked down the beach together to the little harbour, where they asked an old sailor in a dark-blue sweater if he knew where they could hire a boat.
" You're looking at the man you want, Captain John P. Barnum at your service," said the old salt.
" Thank you, Captain John P. Barnum at your service, which boat should we take?" said Peter.
" The red one there," said the sailor, and pointed to an old, rather unseaworthy looking little blue yacht, tied up to the quayside.
" Do you mean that?" asked Mike in surprise.

" I do indeed, sirs," said the sailor, " she's the finest yacht afloat today."

" Doesn't look as though she'll be afloat tomorrow though," said Mike. " Anyway we'll take it, I'll try anything once."

Gingerly the four boys climbed into the small boat, Mike taking the tiller.

Micky stood in the bows and shouted: " Cast off for'ard, cast off aft, belay there ye swabs," in his best Long John Silver voice.

" But Cap'n we're already cast off," pointed out Peter.

" I don't care, cast off again, you scurvy sea dog."

" First a baboon then a sea dog, why don't people remember I'm a Monkee," muttered Peter to himself.

Soon the Monkees were sailing around the bay—or rather finding out how difficult sailing round the bay really was. Davy was leaning over the side with a fishing rod, patiently waiting for the fish.

" Have you got a bite yet, Davy?" asked Micky.

" No, only mosquito bites on my arms," said Davy with a sad smile.

" Why don't you try casting your line further out then?" suggested Micky.

Davy tried this. He reeled in the line, lifted the rod up over his head then brought the rod forward sharply and waited for the hissing sound the line would make as it sped outwards. There was no hissing sound though—just a loud scream.

" I've caught a flying fish," yelled Davy, " one that screams."

But it wasn't a screaming flying fish. In fact, it wasn't even a fish at all. It was Peter. The hook had got caught in his hair and

when Davy had pulled the rod he had also pulled Peter's hair.
" First a baboon, then a sea dog, now a flying fish," Peter was muttering. " I'm getting sick of this game. I'm a Monkee, I'm a Monkee, I'm a Monkee," he kept repeating. " Don't just stand there, you guys, help me!"
The others gave him a hand and they finally untangled the fishing line from Peter's hair, which was all twisted and standing on end, making him look as if he had just had an electric shock.
" Now look what you've done, Davy," said Peter, putting on his most annoyed face.
But before Davy could begin to answer their attention was

caught by shouting from the water nearby. " Help, help, I'm drowning, help me, please!"
The shouting came from their left, and when they looked, sure enough, there was a man in difficulty.
" Hard to port!" shouted Mike, and pushed the tiller away from him.
The yacht turned quickly, but Davy got quite a painful bump from the boom as it swung over. The yacht sped through the water and they had soon reached the struggling man. Four eager Monkees helped him aboard. But what a surprise they got when they saw who it was. And what a surprise he got when he saw who his rescuers were. It was none other than the

bald man with the moustache who had been rude to them earlier in the day.

" Thank you very much," he gasped shamefacedly, " perhaps I was a little hasty earlier today. If it hadn't been for you boys I might well have drowned."

" Aw, it was nothing really, sir," said Mike with an embarrassed grin, as he pushed the tiller over and headed the yacht back towards the harbour mouth.

" Now surely there must be some way in which I can show my gratitude, I mean . . ."

" No, sir," said Davy emphatically, " we'd have done the same for anybody."

For a moment an embarrassed silence fell over the four Monkees and the man they had rescued. This was interrupted by Captain John P. Barnum's shouts from the quayside.

" Well sailed, skipper," he yelled to Mike. " I saw the whole thing; masterful piece of sailing," he said, as he grabbed the rope that Micky threw him and tied up the yacht.
The boys helped the man ashore and then clambered ashore themselves.
" Well done, sir, well done," enthused the old sailor to Mike " I've never seen seamanship like it. You navigated beautifully between those underwater rocks to save this gentleman. Yes, my boy, truly a superb piece of seamanship."
" Wait a minute, wait a minute, did you say underwater rocks?" Mike asked.
" I did indeed, sir," replied the old salt. " Those are very dangerous rocks."

" But I didn't even know they were there! We could all have been . . ."

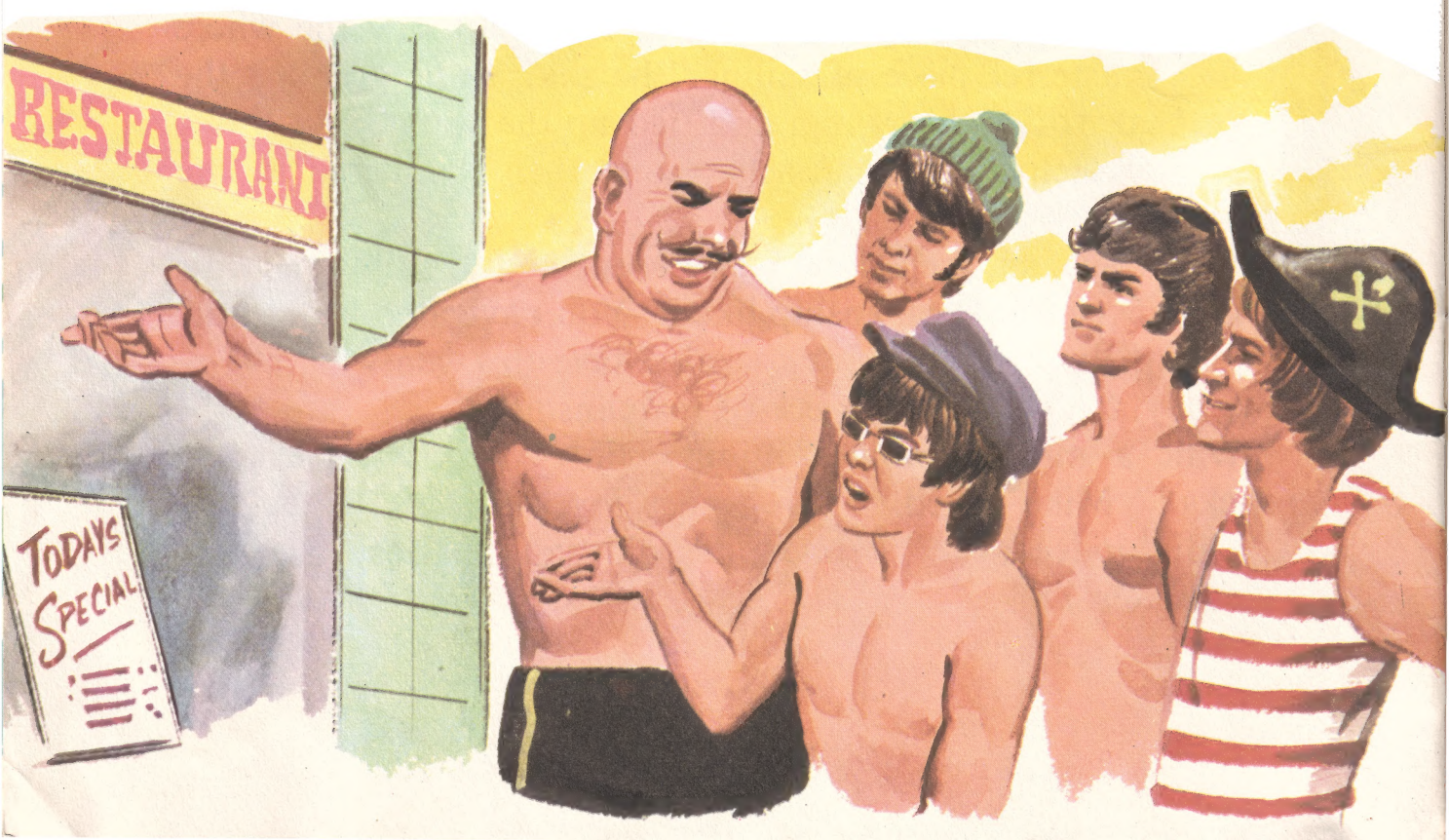
" Let me take you all for a meal to show my gratitude," said the bald man they had saved, " I feel it's the least I can do for you boys."

" Now that *does* sound like a good idea," said Micky, emphatically. " But I must warn you," he joked, " we have the appetites of horses."

" Horses, fish, dogs, and baboons," said Peter wearily, " we're Monkees." And the others laughed heartily.

Later as they lay in bed after a wonderful meal, all of them exhausted, Davy said, " You know, fellas, if every day is as exciting and strenuous as this one, then I'm going to go home exhausted!"

But the rest of the holiday was very peaceful; in fact, as Peter said, it was the best holiday they ever had.



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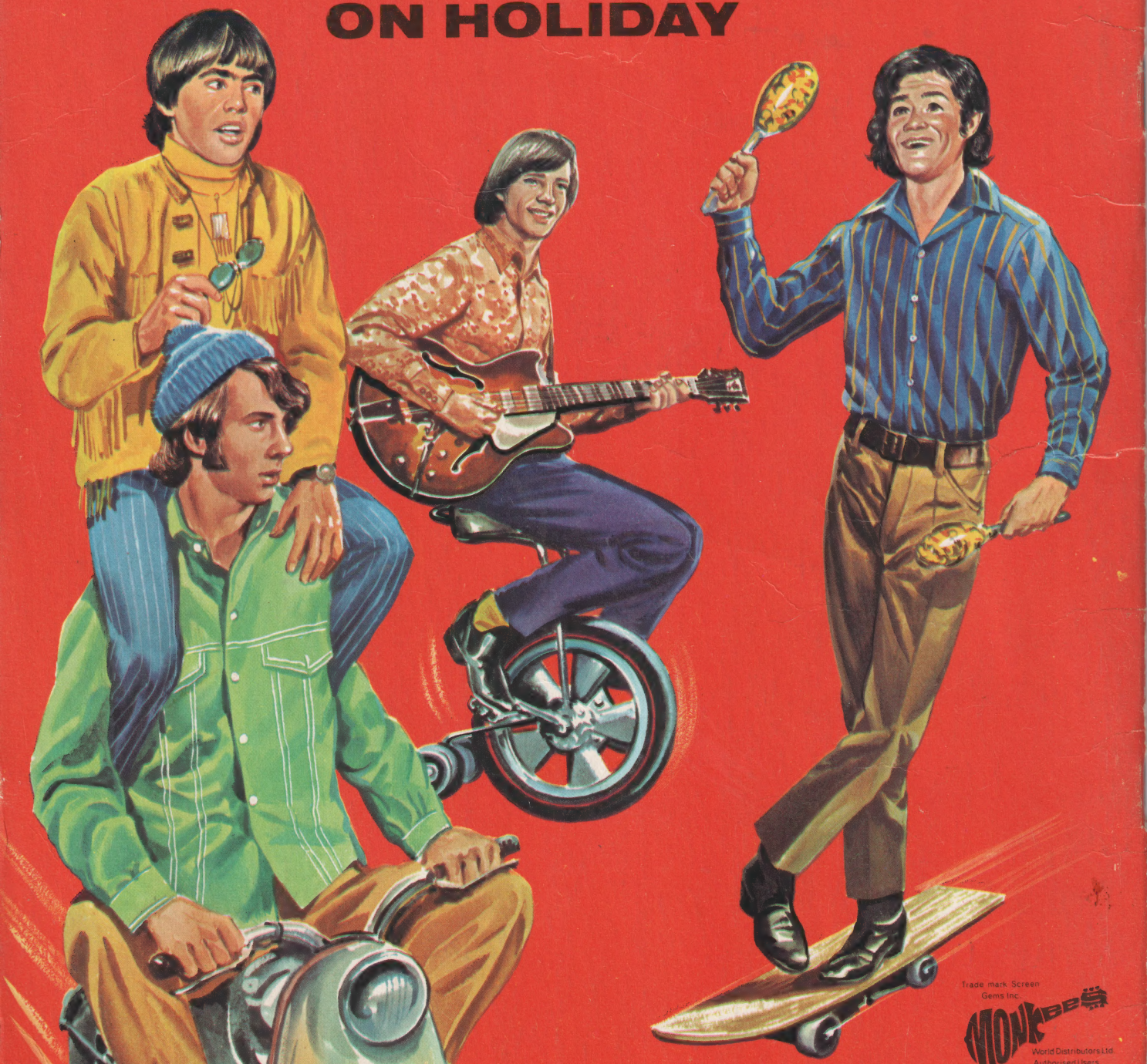

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